

Microscope

Vol. 2. No. 2.

FRIDAY.

DEADLY DUEL DOODLED

FLASH!!!

A deadly battle was waged in the Council Room on Tuesday. The participants were the Duke of Worthington and His Excellency, the President of the State of Kollegeania.

It happened this way.... the Duke took a very candid picture of the Pres. and then it was just one of those things.

The fair Secretary threw herself between the combatants, but to no avail. After the President pulled out his trusty blade and started to carve up the poor Duke, who was armed only with his camera, your brave reporter thought it had gone too far, therefore, arming himself with a sturdy oaken chair he waded in to the melee, and promptly dispatched the fighters.

The Combatants suffered only bruised heads and cut throats...they are expected to recover.

PRESIDENT WASHES DISHES

Saturday morning saw our famed President in the kitchen washing cups and plates which were found in various places after the dance on Friday night! He would appear to have the making of a good husband...time to get busy girls!

STOP PRESS

The Frosh Dance went off without a hitch. The following comments were heard about the subject recently: 'Boy, was it hot!'..... and 'Woo! Woo!' (and we do mean Woo!)

What can you do with a space like this? We need suggestions. Will you make some?

EDITORIAL

Another week has come around again. Already the Frosh have had their baptism of work, whilst the second year groan and grunt under the strain.

The dance last Friday was, to quote the general consensus of opinion, 'not bad'. We gather that the objection was due to two causes. First, nobody opened the windows behind the orchestra and so made the room hotter than Blazes; and second, that someone spilt large and comodious quantities of that beverage known as coffee over a very large area of floor and nobody had the presence of mind to mop it up! However, for the first dance of the College season, it was very good.

Mr. Lane has been rushing wildly around making speeches about the Kollege Clubs while everybody lies on the grassy campus munching their lunch, after which, they surreptitiously sneak away and walk down the path to Craigdarroch Road. What do you do on the way boys? By the way, who is the young lady around there?

If the Mike, this year, is not so, shall we say, 'hot' at first, please do not blame us.....you see, we are censored and, therefore, a great quantity of raw wit does not get as far as we would wish.

By we once again ask you to send letters of criticism to us, not forgetting to sign your name! They are both welcome and useful to us.

CONTRIBUT'N EMBARRASMENT À LA MODE

Chem. 1 may be an intriguing course, and it has its compensations, in that it involves a journey (fresh air, exercise, etc.) and the meeting of old V.A.S. students, not to mention Mr. Savannah.

All this leads up to a rather trying experience suffered the early part of this week by two freshmen.

It seems that the greenies, armed with books, attended a lab. at the old Alma Mater, and on being discharged by Mr. S., sauntered into the boy's lavatory to avail themselves of its facilities.

You will agree that this is all very natural, and what's more, a rather trite thing to bring up here.

And so it would have been had not a thirsty freshmanette, spying the drinking-fountain through the door, rushed in on the poor defenceless lads.

I am trying to avoid a painful description of ensuing actions and words, as you can most likely imagine what followed.

But I would leave this suggestion with whatever student body which wishes to act on it..please paint, in letters 18" high, the simple word MEN on the lav. door in question.

This ought to save this lady and any other luckless ones the necessity of being carried out in a state of collapse. What's more, the lads will certainly breathe easier.

COLUMN

by

ASS

Who is the fellow with the little grey jacket and big grey car who ordered a DOZEN College pins? And why? Woo! Woo!

Well Frosh if you didn't know before the dance you know now that the tower is locked. Some of the graduates from here can tell of a wonderful view from there on a moonlight night. Too bad.

We hope we are not too inquisitive when we inquire as to the whereabouts of that steam roller rugby team on Wednesday last. Things started out well on Saturday with about 30 members but dropped by half on Wednesday. If we cannot do better than fifteen men, fellows, we'll have to fold up. WATCH THE NOTICE BOARD FOR THE NEXT PRACTICE. Remember, the team has not been picked yet....everyone has a chance for that first game.

We have now reached that period in the College Year when Co-eds no longer go around in pairs!

Mr. Evans authorized the publication of his speech after the battle the other morning. He said, quote: 'The Council must preserve its dignity!' unquote.

CONTRIBUTIONS

CONTINUED.

Two inquisitive freshettes, touring the College on the first day, were alarmed to see smoke pouring from an upstairs room. As they hesitated undecided whether to call the Fire Dep't. or rush in and save unfortunate victims who might be suffocating, a sign caught their eye. It reads..."Ward 9"...have a cigar, girls?..

After Interruption No. 8 had settled himself uncomfortably in the Maths room, Prof. Wallace, becoming alarmed, requested that all late students stay after the lecture and explain. Peace for a few moments and then...BZZZZZZZ. Surprised, the prof. asked innocently. ...kwote, "Did I begin with the first bell?" unkwote. Just trying to over-work us that's all!

L.B.

WHERE'S THE MUSIC?

With all this musical talent floating around these sacred halls, where is our supposed-to-be-coming orchestra or is it another college myth? In an exclusive interview with Charlie Raines, your reporter found that the old school possesses lots of piano players, three trumpets, one oboe, but no saxophone or other reeds. Are there any??? We would like to have an orchestra or band to pep up PEP MEETINGS in the near (?) future. SO WAKE UP STUDENTS? WE WANT MUSIC!!

D.W.

SURREALIST AMOK IN W.2

THE FIEND (again).

Residents (or should I say denizens?) of Ward 2 received a shock, today, as they beheld, for the first time, the dastardly perpetration which bespattered their beloved blackboard. Lo, what Fiend could have so brutally besmirched its virgin surface with such a bewildering indistinguishable array of conglomerate fantasy, defying description by even the most discerning? ("Phew!" Ed.note) Horror-stricken onlookers huddled nervously in little groups, gravely discussing the probable outcome.

One intelligent student, with great presence of mind, rushed to summon Gridley Quaile, the Fiend's Nemesis of last year. After exhaustive search, the College Super-sleuth was discovered in his summer retreat immersed in a vat of decayed dogfish AND alcohol. Stopping only to fill his flask with the potent liquid the Great Defective rushed to the scene of the crime.

After gazing fixedly for several minutes at the unnerving spectacle, Quaile staggered unsteadily to the fireplace and poured the contents of his fuming flask into the grate. The Great Sloth (we mean "sleuth"), gasped hoarsely, "Not another drop, (hic) s'help me." Then, recovering himself with an effort, he muttered, "This is the work of the Fiend. So he has slipped through my fingers again, eh? Aha! He must not be allowed at large THIS YEAR."

Awe-struck by the Great Man's stirring words, Wilbur Foo, his youthful wide-eyed assistant, gulped once, hiccupped twice, and sagged limply to the newly-painted floor. (Plug for Babco Paint Co.)

This dispatch contains all the available details at the present, except that Gridley Quaile expects an arrest within 24 hours (?), but as the months go by, this paper will keep the reading public informed of any further developments in this thrilling case. In the meantime, will Gridley Quaile catch the Fiend? Will the Fiend be allowed to continue the latest example of his nefarious pursuits? Will Surrealism be allowed to continue in these scholastic corridors? Will we be allowed to continue in these scholastic corridors? Will these scholastic corridors continue to be scholastic, if we are allowed to continue? The answer will be found in your next issue of the Microscope if the Microscope is allowed to continue in these scholastic corridors. (All the rest is censored by me. Ed.)

NOTICE.

My apologies for the terrible printing — it was done around 2:30 A.M. on Sept. 30/39.

she
me.
After

scholastic

VICTORIA COLLEGE'S THREE RING. CIRCUS.

1. THE CUNNINGHAM SUPER JUGGLING ACT. (Main tent to your left as you enter) Don't miss this show, ladies and gents. Mr. Cunningham, with unequalled dexterity, juggles four English 1 sections into one time-table.
2. THE BI. LAB SPOOK HOUSE. (Tent No. 2...S.E. corner of lot) Ghosts of dead cats and dogfish. Grinning skulls. Real skeletons. Open

every afternoon at 3 o'clock. Anyone with a nervous temperament enters at their own risk.

3. THE COLLEGE RUGBY TEAM. The world's greatest collection of strongmen. Stupendous physique. Girls!! These men will personally autograph their pictures for you if you desire it (and pay them two bits).

G.H.

LETTERS TO ED.

CLUBS.

Dear Editor,

May I express my views concerning that rag of yours? Frankly, it taints the atmosphere even up as high as the library! If it continues in its present condition I will proceed to contribute a few articles myself, which will at least tone down the aroma to the second floor landing. Where are the pictures that I used to see in your paper last year? For Heaven's Sake get a move on and have a few taken! The paper, with the exception of a column, is as dead as a doornail... ..wake up!

Yours sneeringly,
T. Blake.
(pen name...Ed.)

The election of club officers is cancelled until after the election of the new council members. The Literary Society needs more members, as does the S. C.M.. The other clubs are doing well. Remember that extra-curricular activity is as important (?) as your studies, so join a club now. Act quickly and avoid the rush.



Cass last year snapped upon one of his rare visits to the library.



A study in nonchalance.

F
O
T
O



The way the boys acted last year...never again (perhaps).

F
R
I
C

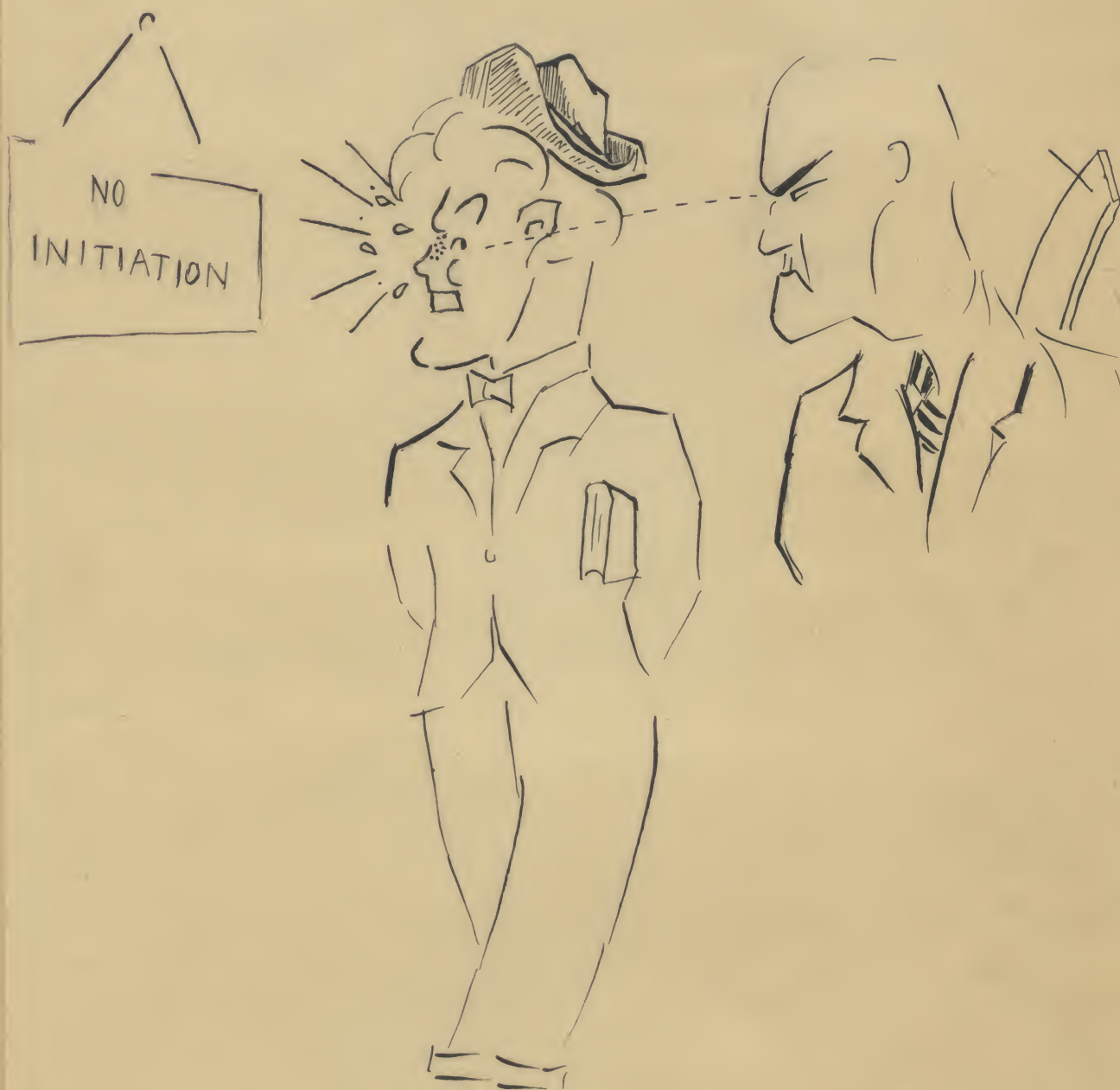
S by K



Action seen in the library before the final exams in April!!!



What was he thinking of or what was he saying? We may never know.



INITIATION ?

Jan MacDonald
1939